

[Your Average Friday Night](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Series: [Bottom Shiro Week 2k19 \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

It's movie night, Lance picked something ridiculous, Shiro isn't really paying attention. Besides, Matt has his hands up Shiro's shirt, which is much more interesting than the disaster on-screen.

Your Average Friday Night

Author's Note:

More botttom shiro week!

The movie they're watching is the package, it's.... something. I recommend watching it drunk, I didn't, and that's my main regret right now.

And the dude they all claim looks like Matt is his voice actor who only slightly looks like Matt when his hair is straightened but is, from what i know, an even more ridiculous human being than Matt is.

(also his is completely unedited, sorry)

Movie nights with his friends meant Shiro had watched a lot of stupid films. He didn't consider himself a movie critic by any stretch of the imagination, but when they started watching some ridiculous comedy Lance had suggested based on suspect Netflix recommendations, Shiro may have had some trouble focusing on the storyline. If he was being uncharitable, he'd have said it was too stupid for words. But he was trying not to be, so he kept his comments to some vague scoffing and an "oh my god, why" or two.

Matt didn't seem to be paying much attention, either, because he was focused instead on running his fingers through Shiro's hair, and making Shiro glad he'd decided to keep it a little longer this time. Matt did manage to laugh at the appropriate times, even as the movie spiraled further into disaster—why the hell the world needed another movie about a teenage camping trip gone wrong, Shiro still didn't know.

He and Matt had commandeered the loveseat, with Shiro sitting between Matt's legs, leaning his head back on Matt's chest. Lance, Hunk, and Allura were sitting on the couch with Pidge and Keith on the floor in front of them. Hunk was tossing the flavors of Skittles he didn't like into Pidge's bowl when she wasn't looking, and Keith was leaning his head on Lance's thigh,

looking like he was about to fall asleep. It was the kind of casual evening that had Shiro feeling like he could relax for once, especially when Matt was petting Shiro's hair in the kind of way that would have him drifting off before long.

Or at least it would, if the characters on-screen hadn't been screaming.

"Did that dude just *cut his dick off*?" Pidge asked, continuing to shove popcorn in her mouth despite the fact that the answer was yes.

"What the hell is this movie," Shiro grumbled, and Matt pulled the blanket covering the two of them up just a little higher, like he was trying to be comforting.

Or like he was trying to sneak his hands down to Shiro's hips and wiggle his fingers under the hem of Shiro's T-shirt. At first, he just traced little circles on Shiro's skin, but his hands started to sneak higher and higher, until he was squeezing Shiro's chest, slow enough that it could have been absent-minded, but Shiro was certain Matt knew exactly what he was doing.

He leaned his head back on Matt's shoulder, his mouth pressed against Matt's cheek as he spoke. "What're you doing, mister?"

"Watching the movie," Matt answered, pretending not to notice that the way he'd rolled his thumb over Shiro's nipple had him full-body shivering.

Matt continued to 'watch the movie,' which meant he spent his time alternating between groping Shiro's chest and kissing his neck, moving torturously slowly so that nobody caught them. Shiro completely lost track of the plot of the movie when Matt's hand drifted down his stomach to his crotch, squeezing through his joggers, making Shiro squirm under his touch, caught between pressing into it and shifting away. Matt had been working him over for a good twenty minutes now, long enough for the movie to take some ridiculous, but unsurprising turns, and Shiro was half-hard already.

He pinched Matt's forearm to get him to cut it out. "Not now," he said, although he couldn't help but sound a little resigned about it. The movie

was continuing to be incredibly stupid—honestly, someone should have warned him that the main premise involved a severed dick—and there were a dozen better things he could have been doing, first of which was letting Matt continue doing whatever he wanted to Shiro's body.

He knew Matt wouldn't take things too far, after all, his sister was sitting five feet away and suggesting a laundry list of better things the characters could have done, but Matt's hand continued to rest over Shiro's crotch and he sighed, unintentionally pushing up against it as he tried to readjust himself. Matt squeezed Shiro's dick through his pants again, and he did his best to swallow the moan that rose up in his chest. It came out as kind of a low hum, impossible to hear over the characters screaming at a rattlesnake.

Matt leaned in, pressed his mouth to Shiro's ear in a soft kiss. "Meet me in the bathroom in five minutes," he instructed him, and then he extracted himself from underneath Shiro and picked up his glass, pouring himself another drink before disappearing into the back of the house, down the hallway that led to the bathroom.

Shiro timed his escape to the next incidence of somebody shouting about something and Pidge shouting over the TV that *you don't suck snake venom out of a bite, that's not how it WORKS!* He didn't bother with pretending to get something out of the kitchen, just headed for the bathroom, knocking three times in quick succession to let Matt know he was there before opening the door.

And then Shiro slammed the door a little too hard behind himself, because he was overwhelmed by the sight of Matt, leaning back against the sink, his jeans undone and his shirt pushed up his stomach, hand wrapped around his cock, stroking slowly, like he'd just been biding his time until Shiro showed up.

"God," Shiro sighed, and then swallowed around a dry mouth, stepping closer, crowding Matt back against the sink with a hand on the counter space on either side of Matt's hips. Shiro kissed him, full on the mouth this time, and Matt put one hand around the back of Shiro's neck, pulling him down into it, easily letting Shiro lift one of his legs so Matt could wrap his

thigh around Shiro's hips, sinking into the kiss. "You were driving me crazy," Shiro said, once he could bring himself to pull his mouth away.

"That was the goal," Matt replied cheerfully, hitching his hips so his naked dick rubbed against Shiro's clothed one. "Get you to run off with me."

"And what were you planning on doing with me after that?" Shiro asked, pulling Matt away from the counter just enough to slip one hand down the back of his underwear to squeeze his ass.

"Well, ideally, I wanted to fuck you," Matt said, "but we're in the bathroom at Lance and Hunk's place, so. Maybe a bad idea."

"Just maybe." Shiro thought for a moment, while Matt busied himself with kissing his neck, dragging the neckline of his shirt over so that he could suck a mark that would definitely show if Shiro wanted to wear a tank top any time in the next three days. "Hey, I have an idea," he said, and Matt stopped, pulling away, his lips a satisfying red.

"What's'at?"

Shiro just grinned at him as he crouched down, a little awkward because the bathroom was tiny and it was difficult to sink to his knees without bumping into the bathtub. "You can still fuck my mouth," he said, and Matt's head tipped back enough that he bumped into the mirror. He moaned loud enough for Shiro to be worried that somebody else would hear them, except that he could still faintly hear the TV over Matt's noises.

"Fuck, yeah, can I?"

"Mm-hm." Shiro tugged Matt's pants down another inch or so, just to keep his open fly from digging into Shiro's chin. "You gotta stay quiet. Quiet-ish."

"I'll make an attempt," Matt said, already shifting his hips forward, his cock smearing against Shiro's cheek, making him dissolve into half-stifled giggles at Matt's eagerness. Matt frowned down at him, one hand curling

into Shiro's hair, tugging just a little, not enough to hurt. "Hey. Quit laughing at me!"

"Sorry, sorry," Shiro said, as he attempted to collect himself, taking Matt's cock in one hand and bowing his head to lay a series of wet kisses up his length.

Shiro knew that they'd be missed after too long, so he tried to be quick about things, but he couldn't help slowly dragging his lips down Matt's cock just to tease him. Matt deserved it, after all. He moaned again from above Shiro, one hand shoved over his face to stifle himself. Despite his promises, Matt didn't really fuck Shiro's mouth, too overwhelmed to do more than melt into his touch while Shiro played his tongue over the ridge just under the head of Matt's cock, his fingers curled around the base.

Matt's cock was leaking into Shiro's mouth not long after, and Matt's fingers stroked though his hair again, then over his cheekbone, the scar on his nose, finally sweeping under his chin to press down on the center of Shiro's bottom lip where it was stretched around Matt's dick. "*Fuck*," Matt said, breathless, gripping Shiro's hair again, "you look so good on your knees for me, baby."

The praise was what got to Shiro, what had him shoving his pants out of the way so he could get his free hand around his own cock, stroking himself faster and faster the louder Matt got. Matt pressed a hand over his mouth again, muffling what sounded like a series of curses, and Shiro applied every trick he could, sucking harder, sucking on just the tip while he jerked Matt off, his hand meeting his lips and his eyes meeting Matt's.

He knew the eye contact did it for Matt. It did it for Shiro, too, if he was being honest, and he shuddered when Matt mumbled another inaudible but passionate sentence into his palm and spilled over Shiro's tongue and lips and chin, squeezing his eyes shut, the hand on Shiro's head dropping to his shoulder instead, like Matt needed the support to hold himself up.

Or like Matt just wanted a grip to yank Shiro back up and kiss him, heedless of the mess of his own come on Shiro's mouth, of the way the hairs

that came free of Matt's ponytail got stuck between their lips for an uncomfortable second.

Shiro leaned away to wipe his mouth on the back of his hand and to choke out a strangled noise as Matt's hand wrapped around his dick, finishing what Shiro had started. He came with Matt's hand on him and his face buried in Matt's neck, hiding his sentiments about exactly how good it felt against Matt's skin.

While Matt washed his hands, Shiro sat back down, his back against the bathtub, fingers scrubbing over his face as he grimaced upon finding a half-dried streak of come on his chin. He was borrowing some of Lance's face wash.

"I'm going back out there," Matt said, once he'd dried his hands. "Meet me in a couple minutes, yeah?"

"Yeah," Shiro said, like they hadn't been gone for a good portion of the movie and like everybody wouldn't already know what they were doing.

After Matt left, Shiro washed off his face and examined himself in the mirror, determining that there was absolutely no way anyone would miss his messy hair and flushed cheeks. If that wasn't enough to clue them in on what'd been going on, the hickey Matt had given him was actually way higher than he'd thought, and it was peeking out from his shirt collar, bright pink and hopefully less obvious in the dark living room.

He emerged from the bathroom to the movie being paused because they needed to make more popcorn, and Pidge and Lance excitedly telling Matt that he'd missed it, there was this dude who looked kinda like him—"except, he had a Southern accent, and also he was dating this crazy lady who was like, trying to murder him?" Lance was sorting around for the controller to rewind the movie to the point where said doppelganger appeared, and Matt was laughing, probably because that guy really didn't look like Matt, except for the long hair that was approximately the same color.

"I wouldn't date a crazy lady who'd try to kill me, either!" Matt protested.

"You wouldn't date a lady at all," Shiro pointed out, and Matt nodded enthusiastically.

"See, yeah, I wouldn't date a lady and—"

Shiro missed whatever the rest of Matt said, because Hunk was staring at him with narrowed eyes, the look on his face clearly saying *what did you just do in my bathroom*. Shit. Shiro owed him one. Maybe dinner at that fancy restaurant he liked.

In any case, they definitely hadn't gotten away with it.

Author's Note:

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